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ORIGINAL POETRY.

MORALITY OF XERXES.

(Translated for the Saturday Evening Post, from Herodotus.)
Along the azure mirror of the sea,
The purple sails, enamoured of the breeze,
Rise'd the last golden pinion of the day,
In maiden coyness, o'er their sapphire way;
No clouds deform'd the brow of hoar's afar,
Save one soft pillow to the evening star;
O'er the blue mead the gale was hushed to rest,
Not a warbler heard its sportive breast;
Alas, the reckless spirit of the storm,
Nursed in ambient air his dreadful form,
Drove the gay sails from their coral bower,
And swift displayed the cushions of his power;
Lo, heaven recharged with clouds, the air with rain,
Toss'd the towers o'er the darkling main;
Xerxes on beaded knees to Neptune pray'd,
And call'd his snow-laced officers, and said:
No more to me ye dastard estiffs crouch,
Doubt not to sleep on ruin's painful couch;
Earth has her worms, and you are of the kind,
Rattle the potent, seeming wise the blind;
A motley crew, that with a sage's face,
Runs thro' the insubstantial maze of wise grimace,
Erewhile on Cleo's pinion to surpass,
But hounds hard to make itself an ass;
O print these shining words on all the schools,
O mark them well that I may call you fools!
Blest be the Gods the howling storm is o'er,
Icemen's horrid drags his clouds no more;
For in each point until your star has set,
Soon you'll discover what I laugh at yet.

AQUALINE.

CREATION.

Behold Creation's vast extent,
The earth, the flowing seas, and sky,
How great, how kind, the God who sent
These charms to feast the mortal eye.
With rapture do we gaze around,
And all his beauteous blessings view,
And far and near thy power divine,
Eternal, yes, from pole to pole.

Who can doubt thy gracious name,
Doubt thy power above, below,
Doubt a suffering Jesus came
Mortals to save from sin and woe.

Doubt that thy sovereign hand,
All the glowing planets move,
Doubt each blessing we command,
Proofs of thy exalted love.

All, all, superior God are thine,
All await thy kind control,
Nature proves thy power divine,
Eternal, yes, from pole to pole.

Hail, immortal Spirit, hail,
O'er us all still merry fall,
Thou' to own thee, thousands fall,
Millions claim thee, God of all.

ELLEN.

TO MRS. S.

Hannah, the fascinating smiles
Of worldly pleasure beam on thee,
And thou hast yielded to their wiles
Till they have won thy heart from me.

It was not thus in early youth
When rose my joys in innocent truth,
Thy friendship, thy unsought truth,
Lent all those joys a lovelier light.

I deemed thee but another friend
That held the same high-fidelity soul,
Thy love, a flame so pure and warm,
'Twould turn when time had ceased to roll!

Oh! 'twas a sweet and hallowed theme
That Memory loves to cherish still;
Like some deceptive, splendid dream
Close followed by a day of ill.

And when 'twas mine from thee to rove,
And wedlock's holy bands I prov'd,
And tried to write thee what was love,
And what it was to be belov'd;

Metho'g't the radiant lustre beam'd
In strong reflection back on thee,
So raptur'd thy soft spirit seem'd,
Such bliss was all my bliss to thee.

Oh wretched life!—how fair and bright
It rose on my enchanted view,
As lovely as the morning light,
But transient as its glittering dew!

Blossoms by blossom fading drop,
Till all the gay-wrought wreath was gone,
E'en that "which twined with me" was cropt,
My aching bosom beat alone!

Alone in this wide wilderness—
Aye, when in half frantic mood
I chafed my playful fancies,
The world to me was solitude!

But where wast thou? through that drear night,
No ray of comfort couldst thou send?
Ah! too, too, rich and happy quite
To think upon thy hapless friend!

Oh! 'twas a low and left behind,
Thy heart alone preserved its calm;
Of every bloom, true and kind,
But this withheld the bleeding palm.

'Twas next to Heaven's all healing power,
Shed on a spirit tempest-tost,
Those precious drops in calmer hour,
Assured my soul, "all is not lost!"

Heaven grant thou ne'er may'st want the aid
Of sympathy, when joys are flown,
And were "thy soul in thy soul's stead,"
I would not do as thou hast done.

But fare thee well!—beneath the sun,
Through thine and no more may I meet,
To circle round the baron's throne,
May Sovereign mercy bring our feet!

"The peace of God" upon thee shine,
Thy heart and mind through Jesus keep,
His soul-subduing love, his
"Teach thee to weep with them that weep."

And oh! if waking memory move
Thy thoughts for her so far away,
Know, she can prize thee early love
In spite of all its sad decay.
JUNE 20th, 1826. CORNELIA.

ORIGINAL ESSAY.

ON DISSIPATION.
If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads,
By living waters, and thro' flow'ry meads,
Oh! teach me to elude each base desire,
And whisper to my sliding heart—beware!

The Hydra-headed monster of war has destroyed his thousands at a blow, and the dreadful earthquake, tempest and plague, have glutted the volcano of vengeance with their victims, but it is a doubt whether more of mankind have fallen beneath them than have been immolated upon the altars of dissipation. Dissipation, in a metaphorical view, is the great Leviathan that floats on the bosom of the sparkling wave and gulphs its millions at one meal. It is the horrid Crocodile that crawls in the blooming bosom of pleasure and destroys the godly and the gay. Dissipation may be emphatically termed the ruling vice of America, but it can neither be palliated by ignorance or vindicated by sophistry. The rays of reason and philosophy have gone forth in a flood of light upon the land, and the golden sun of the Gospel has dispelled the darkness that rested upon the bosom of Paganism and Priesthood. The brilliant blishments of false philosophy have been eclipsed by the luminary of superior wisdom, and the legends of the academy, the Parth, and the Lyceum, have rolled to rest in the sunshine of ages. The voluptuous doctrines of Epicurus and Theophrastus, misused ancient Greece in the lap of slavery, and taught her sons that exquisite happiness could only be found in the paths of pleasure—Lycurgus, the disciple of Anaxagoras, inculcated the belief that men did nothing but by custom, and that there was neither good or evil, but it must be recalled that they were the votaries of Pagan idolatry. Upon them the glorious light of the Gospel had never dawned, but in America it has shone upon every heart and illumined every mind. Notwithstanding the illustrious rank which she holds in the catalogue of nations, the enlightened sons of the western world indulge in those egregious gratifications at which a Turk would blush, and a Heathen stand aghast. The philosophers of antiquity had no counselors, but conceivably, and nothing to guide them but the mistaken idea of happiness, but the philosophers of America teach virtue as a science, it is taught by the precepts of Heaven. I pause with astonishment at the comparison!

From what eye of sympathy does not the big tear start, when reflecting in painful melancholy, that the greatest men the world ever produced, have given way and listened with delight to the Siren song of pleasure! How many poets of acknowledged celebrity have strayed through the vineyard of intemperance, and how many philosophers, notwithstanding their tenets to the contrary have slept over the voluptuous table of luxury, or reposed in the meretricious embrace. Thousands have fallen victims to the different forms of pleasure. How have the noblest bulwarks of genius bowed down at the altar of dissipation! How have the temples of learning and philosophy been tumbled in ruins by its restless waves, and how has reason been hurled from her lofty throne, and left the mighty empire of the mind to the spirits of darkness and despair. I have seen a youth wander in the gay and gaudy gardens where these modern Sirens sing their songs—he was enamoured with the siren song of pleasure, he was tripped on in silver slippers and waved his golden hair—he smiled and gave him the key to taste—the drunk deeply and found himself undone. But the siren chan woven by her hand will lead him far. He raised the poisoned chalice to his lips again—he reclined with the fairy goddess upon a bed of flowers, but he slept not in peace. The deadly a-p of conscience crawled upon his waking bosom and tore a wound in his heart which never could be healed. A wound which Hippocrates the father of medicine could not staunch, and which Hygiea, the daughter of Esculapius, could not cure. It was the bleeding wound of character. He was finally destroyed by the ruthless monster, and reposed in the last time upon the couch of death. The blackened stream of the once florid wave had returned to their grand emporium the heart, and that large empire of the passions had ceased to pulse forever. The brilliant eye which could once strike terror to the object upon which it gazed, or wake to the softest rapture of love, had become glazed and indurated in death. That cheek, where the latest preternatural roses were wont to bloom in all their rubric dye, was shrouded in the same coloring of lifeless insensibility, and their fragrance was lost on the evening breeze of dissolution. Those lips of thundering eloquence, which could once arouse the soul to all the sublime feelings of patriotism and valor, had lost their ruby tincture, and became motionless and silent, to be heard no more. And oh! where was that immortal mind which had triumphed over the trophies of learning, and dashed every opposing barrier from its presence, as the whirlwind wreathens a stubborn oak from its solid foundation, and hurls it with velocity into the sounding waves? Say, where was that mind which no power on earth could restrain or stop in its flight of unbounded grandeur, when eloquence gave it wings, and reason guided its way through the untrodden fields of immeasurable thought? Alas! it had sunk beneath the wave of dissipation, and disappeared forever.

Was man placed upon this earth, by the mighty will of Jehovah, to revel in sunny scenes upon the gilded plumes of a butterfly? Did he endow him with that brighter part, the mind, only to plan the destruction of the social virtues of life? Did he give him those sublime principles of reason and judgment only to revolt at his own helish conduct in debauch? Did he bestow on him all the social attributes of an angel to be engulfed in degradation and to rival even a fiend of hell? I say, did he imbue him with that immortal soul which must be amenable at the bar of God for its conduct to be plunged in all the vice and guilt of midnight debauchery, and to have SELF-MURDER written upon it in human blood? Surely not, and a poor deluded man, wouldst thou shut the curtains that pierce the bosom of vice and folly, beware of the maddening bowl, for its wave is the wave of death, and shall the primrose paths of pleasure, for they lead to the valley of destruction.

America is not the only garden of dissipation. Ask the sordid cupreus of Rome if she has ever been the stage upon which the drama of dissipation was produced, and the

ghosts of Nero, Caligula and Mark Anthony will answer for her. Nero, the king and father, was considered the most debauched man in Rome, and to this let the ghosts of his murdered mother, brother and tutor, Seneca, answer, who fell victims to his vengeance. Mark Anthony was undone by the bewitching blandishments of Cleopatra, and by these the crowns of empires at her feet whose charms had intoxicated his heart. He even fell a sacrifice at the foot of ill-fated love, and was immolated upon the altar of capricious satiety. Dissipation transported the bloody Caligula so far that he wished the Roman people had but one neck that he might dispatch them all at one blow. Ask England if she has seen the terrific monster, and with fearful eyes she will point to that period when Sydney and Russell were doomed to bleed under the most tyrannical and despotic reign that ever brought disgrace and contempt upon the annals of that polished kingdom. Alas! what species of disgrace and sorrow has not dissipation produced! Woodley fell like a gilded star from the summit of his fame and glory, and found himself stripped of his power, even at the shrine of his voluptuous ambition. But let us turn for a moment and ask France if she is conversant with any horrors that arose from its effect. She will weep blood at the question. The bloody revolution which stained the guillotine with royal blood, and sent the sighing spirits of innumerable victims to the dark domain of Pluto, will stand for ages as a monument to "the reign of terror." The very spirit and essence of dissipation reigned in the bosom of the inhuman monster Robespierre, and the fatal axe which he had raised to shed the blood of his fellow-man, was doomed to fall upon his own neck. From dissipation in religion this tremendous epoch arose, and the names of Voltaire, Mirabeau, Mamey, and Diderot, will descend with time, and receive the execrations of every noble heart. From the doctrines of infidelity flowed a cataract of human blood that swept the streets of Paris, and deluged the Bastille. It was more fatal to the sons of men than the inquisition in Spain, and the reeking hand of Alce. Yes, it proved more fatal to them than the strength of Polyphemus, or the brutal rapacity of the Læstrigons. Yes, it has proved more fatal to them than the wily blandishments of Circe were to the mariners of Ulysses.

But to pass by the heart-rending scenes in France—to dismiss the dreadful era in England, when the martyrs bled beneath the hand of the executioner, and the vengeful days of Bishop Laud, when the puritans were driven from the lands of their fathers—still other monuments of human degeneracy present themselves to our view. The son of Jupiter Ammon, who rose from the world's tribunal and stood aghast after having persecuted all that was possible, returned from Persopolis to Babylon, where he immersed himself in sensual pleasure, and died in the thirty-third year of his age, despised for his weakness and cruelty in those scenes of debauch. O pleasure thou art strong in thy influence! Hannibal the mighty warrior and senator who had carried conquests at the point of the javeline, was subdued by thee, and after having braved cold, want, danger and death upon the Alps, was eternally undone by the gratifications and indulgences of Capua. The powerful Hercules, after having cleansed the Augean stable and after having performed all the surpassing labours imposed upon him by Eurystheus, became a servile slave to the soft pleasures of the heart. He who had been snatched from the vortex of dissipation by the Queen of Lydia, a d he who had won a lion's skin and a club in support of virtue, became debased in subjecting himself to the most humiliating employments, that he might gratify a weakness criminal and disgusting in the extreme. This is a strong confirmation, that the want of employment is the parent of dissipation, and dissipation we know to be the parent of crime. It is a vortex more fatal than the whirlpools of Scylla, and Charybdis. Christianity, therefore, which enforces industry, frugality, and temperance is the only sure guide to happiness, and far superior to the doctrines of the tutor of Alcides, or all the phosphoric illumination of the Pagan philosophy. Never did the Heathen Mythology, the Bahibinnical Talmud, or the Mahometan Koran, delineate such glorious landmarks to the mind of man.

But notwithstanding all that has been said, the doleful demon still wears its head in the gardens of America. The grandeur of kings and crowns has passed down the stream, through the flood gate of eternity. The splendour of empires has hurried away in the tide of time—the glory of the mighty republics of the world has been quenched in the gulph of years, but amid the ravages of time and the doom of ages, the foe of man appears, and still pursues through every lane of life. Pleasure is a beautiful and a charming creature, but in her eye may be seen despair, and beneath her tongue is the venom of the Tartarus. Her language is fatal as the Siren's song, and her nectar more deadly than the Uvas of Java. The heart of sensibility chills at the idea!

America, thou fair goddess of Liberty and prosperity, beware of the romantic fields of pleasure, and imbrating rivers of intemperance. May your sons early learn the paths of sobriety, and may your daughters tread the diadem of virtue, as an ornament to their resplendent charms. Then shall a star arise in the western hemisphere, and shed its light afar to illuminate a world in darkness. Then shall be shun the luxury which annihilated the republics of Greece and Rome, and then shall liberty and independence live immortal upon the bright escutcheons of revolving ages. Then shall there be erected an everlasting monument, on which shall be engraven, in golden characters—The downfall of dissipation and the eternal duration of virtue and temperance. Oh when will this glorious morning dawn upon America!—When will the whirlwinds of dissolution cease to depose the virtuous away in the bloom of youth and usefulness, and the capacious maw of the monster has not yet been glutted. May the thunders of Sinai awaken the children of pleasure from the tottering precipice of ruin, beneath which rolls the ocean of eternity, and may the lightning of Calvary illuminate the path to the temple of true greatness.

MILFORD HAMD.

For the Saturday Evening Post.
AUTUMN.
Now all the fields in fading beauty dress,
And all the forests shivering golden leaves,
And cloudy days, and flocks of various birds:
Bidding adieu to plains despoiled of flowers,
And hark at it within their silent cells,
Proclaim the autumn. Nature seems to mourn,
And though her head streams still ripple on,
No roses deck her cheeks, and never is seen
The beautiful humming-bird with needle bill
Probing the bloom, or painted butterfly
Sporting amid a wilderness of sweets.
I love the autumn, for the requiem and
That means along the dry and withered vale,
And all its dying glories. Aye, 'tis sweet
To look upon the vine that overhangs
The cottage door, and muse upon its beauties.
Some of its tendrils blowing yet in green,
While others glow in scarlet, or in gold,
Or purple bloom. And then to see old age
Sitting beneath it, while the passing breeze,
Rustling amidst its branches, spreads around
His hoary head, and weak, decrepit form,
Pals nature's tribute to the spirit of Death.
The Spirit of destruction! Who can look
Upon the scenes of Autumn, without feeling
A pang steal o'er him? While his thoughts
Happily depict the changes of art.
—The mouldering Castle, overrun with moss,
On which to look, when sunset in its splendor
Is lingering on, fills the soul with sadness—
A kind of magic sadness, which we love,
E'en here to indulge. We think of hearts that once
Heard joy with happiness, and eyes that then
With joy—We think of lovely females,
When pleasure held her court within the halls,
And the bright beacon caught the distant eye,
And the coming again, turning to his companion
Pointed him to that smiling.

Or, perchance,
We think of some fair victim to consumption;
Which the same spirit that steers the wither'd
leaves,
And smould'ring castle, only breathes upon,
And the destroying breath blanches her beauty,
And turns her to a mere, flexible statue,
With glazed eyes and lips of purple hue.
Wherever I behold the death of beauty,
Whether in trees and flowers—or art's fair fabrics—
Or in the tender maiden—then I think
Of Spring's arising in her loveliness,
And Summer in her pomp; and seasons high,
Rejoice on the ruins of the fallen castles:
But these must also sink to dust again!
Yet there is one thing more of which I think,
That is the human spirit had its hour,
That never dies. Yet! frail mortality
May sink into the tomb; but the freed soul
Shall spread its broad pinions in infinity.
And soar, and sing, and sing to all eternity.
Philadelphia, Oct. 21st, 1826. MORTIMER.

THE MORALIST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"How short and hazy is our life!"
'Tis a thought no less solemn than true,
That every inhabitant of this busy sphere
Must, at one time, bid an adieu to the fascinations
Of earth, to undergo the realities of
eternity. Though our days may be extended
to the utmost extent of man's life, yet an end
must come, a termination to all our joys and
sorrows. Fleeting, indeed, is our existence
here, and momentary all our enjoyments.
Life's brittle thread alone supports us over
the gaping tomb; so uncertain is life, many
rise up in the morning, in the full vigour of
youth and bloom, their cheeks glowing with
the rose of health, their eyes beaming with
animation and joy, and in the expectation of
very happiness, and are cut down as the
reed, which, in the morning, expanding its
blossom, exhibiting its crimson colours, and
breathing forth a fragrance delightful to the
senses, at night, withers away; the ground
becomes strewn with its leaves, its beauty
fades, and it pleases us no more. So they,
by the time that night, with its sable veil, has
shrouded all things in oblivion, he cold and
dead, their cheek, instead of the crimson
which tinged it in the morning, is pale and
wan; their eyes, instead of the animation
which before beamed from it, is dim and obscure;
closed in death never to open again;
their joys are fled, their expectations vanished,
and all their long anticipated happiness is
blasted by the king of terrors; those long
treasured dreams of pleasure, the dread reality
of death forbid their enjoyment—the
chillness of the grave has wrapped them round—
the dark moisture of the sepulchre will
soon be on them—they lie unvisited by the
rays, and unwept by the winds, until the
last trump shall announce the dissolution of
all things. But, if they have secured to themselves
an inheritance among the saints in
light, the change is a desirable one; a transition
from sorrow, sickness and pain, to the
enjoyment of the most exquisite bliss, to an
immortal life of vigour and joy, to the de-
lightful employment of joining with the
celestial choir, in chanting forth anthems
of praise to God. And when standing around
the bedside of the dying saint, and beholding
him throw off the shackles of mortality,
we see his countenance calm and placid,
beaming with heavenly smiles; no disquieting
fears intrude themselves into his breast—
no fearful apprehensions of being disowned
by his Saviour; he has the utmost confidence
in his promises, and waits with patience and
resignation for the hour that shall sever the
thread of life, and usher him in the presence
of his Maker. When their spirits have fled
and left a cold lump of clay, it involuntarily
calls forth the exclamation of Isaiah, "Let
me die the death of the righteous and let my
last end be like his." But for a moment turn
the scale; behold the closing scene of the
ungodly man, who, when in the possession of
health, scorned the idea of judgment—set
at naught the salutary restraints of wisdom, and
instead of frequenting the house of God, in

his holy day, to learn the duties obligatory
upon him, pursued his own sensual gratifica-
tions, and joined in every new round of pleasure
that presented itself to his depraved
imagination, banishing every reflection, tend-
ing to turn his thoughts to the realities of
another world.
In this situation, he is extended on a death-
bed, his mind becomes the receptacle of every
gloomy idea, he is terrified at the thought of
appearing before that God, whom all his life
he had insulted and abused—he is conscious
if he should be called away in his present
situation, he must be eternally lost—he be-
wails his madness and folly, in rejecting so
many opportunities of being reconciled to his
Maker—he recurs to the Gospel promises,
but they contain no consolation for him; they
only aggravate his misery—his strength daily
decreases—his pulse becomes weaker and
fewer—he flies a ghastly spectre, the victim of
his own follies; thus he resigns his breath;
neither would we wish to unveil the mysteries
of the Eternal world, to view him before the
throne of the great God, satisfied that the
judge of all the earth will do right. Surely
every reasonable man would shudder at the
idea of realising this picture in his own expe-
rience; then let all give heed to these things,
requisite for an inheritance in the Mansions
of Illium.
SYLVANDER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In appearance, the world in which we live,
perhaps more properly, the world of effects,
is full of jargon, confusion and strife. Indeed
it is so in part, for the vicious will have it
thus; but otherwise it is with the lovers of
truth and order. Instead of contention with
all the miseries attendant thereon, the calm
sunshine of peace is always shining and bril-
liant—every external cause of disgust is made
to give way to a state of serenity within.
The good man meets his destiny with smiles
—with grateful resignation. He promptly is
up and doing in all the duties of life. His
care and calculations are, with submissive
deference, left to the management of an all-
wise calculator, and to him alone is submitted
every case, indeed his act. To such an one,
the filices and wickedness of others avail but
little. The shafts of malice, the trifling dis-
cussor, the malicious vilifier of character and
false accuser, all may hurl their venom, their
spleen and bitterness, to no effect. The
standard of conscious rectitude is unshaken—
the smiles of an approving conscience, an
upright intention, bid defiance to every sub-
tlety and guile of an hidden or avowed en-
emy. Compared to the wise and good, how
distant and unlike is that of the wicked man's
soul? Continual sin, and the things there-
of, continually fill up the measure of an evil
tendency—the trifles and bubbles of earthly
and sensual cares arrest the whole of his affections;
the pleasures arising from mental research
and meditation, are lost in the gross pursuit
of airy and temporal things of no account.
The pains of disappointment—the glorious
round of uncertainty which attend the train
of folly, both combine to point out the shoals
and quicksands leading to woe and misery.
All affect to calculate that troubles will cease
with time, and that to time and space may be
charged all our difficulties, sickness, pains
and disappointments.
But, gentle reader, do not be deceived nor
misled by a popular sentiment, unless the
heart is whole and free from guile, sub-
tlety and deceit, matters may not go right even
in a future state. This is a subject of moment
to all. This may with safety be calculated on
as being the only world in which to prepare
for another—and who so will and unthink-
ing as to forfeit by neglect the opportunity so
timely and mercifully afforded. "Sun, give
me thine heart," is what is required—and
how telling the sacrifice—the very acceptance
of such terms, tables our happiness, and gain-
a cross. Indeed the gain is all on the part
of the receiver, and happy is the man who
discreetly yields obedience to a state of things
so eminently conducing to his eternal and
temporal felicity. Great Source of Being! If
in theory, as through a glass darkly, we
are enabled to discover a ray of thy perfec-
tions, of thy power and goodness, how ample
and satisfactory must be a state of fruition,
where thy infinite perfections will be better
known and estimated!
HAMILTON, (Ohio) July 12, 1826.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Epistle to a Country Friend

My Dear Tom—The short acquaintance
which I have had with you, has taught me to
rank you as one of the most favourite and val-
uable of my correspondents. Sincerely induc-
ing me to acknowledge that more real delight has
been imparted to me by the perusal of one of
your late Epistles than all these last three
months interviews with my city acquaintances
could possibly afford—and under the influence
of feelings such as the reflection of this would
be calculated to inspire, I most heartily pray
for the continuance of our friendship and the
favour of an occasional communication from
you. Notwithstanding your late request, in
my last dispatches to you I neglected men-
tioning the causes of my contracting ill-nones
of a city life—I will, therefore, at this time, with
a little proximity as I am in my power, detain
you as long as to read a divulgement of the
whole concern. Be so kind as not to ascribe
any pedantic notions to me, when I assert
that I have a fondness for other habits—study
—and the converse of reasonable folks—before
I was compelled to take up my residence in
the city I was accustomed to mingling with
folks who had nibbled at Ethics, now and
then read a little Chemistry and Philosophy,
with an occasional reference to the pages of
History, and so on—and it was in company
with this description that I never sat without en-
joyment—but since my residence in the place
of "brotherly love," the scene is so utterly
changed, for the worse, inasmuch as the
fashionable method of social converse (if I
might term it killing time), is the discussion
of the merits and demerits of polished works
of fiction—with an occasional lament about
the poor Greek's situation—then about weath-
er, dancing, singing, lace work, flowers,
lastly, and worst of all, comes profuse asper-
sion of character, and "cartloads of com-
plaints" about the degeneracy of the present
times—yet full of complaints about the latter
they are very careful themselves to do the
selfsame thing. Oh! unpardonable shame,
and will I suffer myself to figure much longer
in company with this description? (If I don't I am

called an idiot.) Can I be so foolish as to
waste my precious summer in hovering in the
shrine of folly and shadows—Oh! I blush
the reflection of those things puts me into a
glow, to leave the city for the purpose of par-
ticipating in the company of my more
sensible fellow beings, would be deserting
the avocation upon which I depend for
my subsistence. I have sometimes thought
of locking myself up in a closet, with three al-
ternating volumes, my new alluring cat-
erina, and a red-hot iron—(I once pur-
chased one in my country circle. I really think
that I should have done so before this, were
it not for the practical communications some-
times afforded me by the kind use of your
rural goose-quills—but to return; I could not
offer some remedy to the youth of this
city which would divert them from supposing
that it is expected that they will so promiscu-
ously novel reading, shadow whorshipping, and
other other useless and unwholesome amuse-
ments—and thus a remedy to reduce them from
habits of reading and shadow whorshipping
which are altogether unwholesome, to a "practical
chil-did," they might pursue an education
rather than a scandal to the character of the
human family. On my setting out I promised
not to be prolix—no more for the present,
with my wishes for your happiness.
SHARON SOLIMITE.

SELECTED.

THE CONTRAST.

In almost every young Scotman there is an
enthusiastic ambition to be distinguished, or
perhaps, a discontent at home, which prompts
him to forsake the country he loves and to
seek his fortune in a foreign land. Like my
cousinman, I early imbibed this desire to go
abroad, but unlike many of them, this im-
pulsion remained as I grew up; and while I
saw others gradually settling into adversity
and physicians, the desire to go to a foreign
land remained undiminished. At my father's
abode several other children, they did not dis-
courage this inclination. My mother, it is
true, did not seem to wish it much, but my
father was not rich, and he justly thought that
one of his family might be spared with ad-
vantage to the rest. Thus sanctioned by him,
and encouraged by all my friends, it was early
resolved that I should push my fortune in
India.

I have said that my father was not rich, and
a poor man has seldom much influence in the
India House. Your father, I was told, an
opportunity of being obtained, and when I
entered my twentieth year, my friends began
to hint about there being many eligible situa-
tions at home. At this crisis my father re-
ceived notice that I would be sent out as a
cadet, and that my presence was instantly re-
quired, as the last in his ship was to sail in
about a fortnight. For years I had been
growing for a cadetship. I had now obtained one,
but alas! I was far from being contented. I
perceived how dear were my home and friends
to me, how that I was about to leave them, and
I almost wished to be allowed to stay at home
I was. But the die was cast, I had put my
hand to the plough, and to look back was
in vain. "O suddenly was I called up,
that I had only two days to remain at home,
and these were passed in such a perpetual
bustle that the whole almost appeared to me
a dream. Still I felt a pang as I left each house,
and said "farewell" to its inmates, a pang
which every one must feel when leaving a
friend he is never again to see. Some of my
friends were forever to be as dead, and as if
I were leaving them all at one blow.

It was now evening before I sailed, but
there was one thing which yet remained to be
done. It was to bid a last farewell to Mary—
Oh! how I loved my Mary! how I loved her when
I thought that I was to see her no more, that
the star which illuminated my life was forever
to be withdrawn from my eye! Oh! how I
loved that girl! Never was there a bitter-
ness in her blue eyes but they were filled with the
tenderness of an innocent heart; she looked at me, I saw
she was all my own; for who could look at
that countenance, and believe that it harbored
deceit? I felt that she was dearer to me than
the whole world; and yet I was about to leave
her forever—what a strange, inconsistent, being
was man! To think of taking her along with
me was vain. At that time a voyage to India
was nearly as formidable as a voyage to the
Poles, and besides, Mary's delicate frame
would have been shattered and withered away beneath
a tropical sun.

Mary resided at her father's house, which
was situated at a short distance from town—
Her father accordingly repaired and soon found
myself sitting in the old-fashioned parlour
where I usually met her. There stood her
harp, over which I had often hung enraptur-
ed, drinking in love and sweet music, till I
was almost intoxicated with delight; it was
now mute—to me it would be silent forever;
there lay a landscape I had asked her to paint,
but which I was never to see completed. Alas,
thought I, in this very spot others will still
be delighted as she sings, and gaze at her as
she works perhaps at this little picture, while I,
forgotten by all, am burning away my life: un-
der the influence of a tropical sun. At this
moment, casting my eyes upon a large mirror,
I could not help smiling at my own begone
viage; so, rallying a little, I waited the arrival
of Mary.
It was but that forenoon that poor Mary
had been told of my intended departure, and
she now entered the room with a cast down de-
jected air. She approached me with some-
thing between a tear and a smile, but when
our eyes met, when I said I had come to bid
her farewell, the big tear started to her beau-
tiful eyes, and throwing herself into my arms
she wept aloud and in agony of grief. I am
now an old man, and many a sorrow have I
felt; but these two hours were the bitterest I
ever knew, and yet, strange as it may seem,
there is a kind of pleasure in melancholy. Sad
as I was, my heart was filled with a soothing
sweetness, like that which fills the soul when
we listen to some old melody we love; there
is surely some mysterious connexion between
music and melancholy, for the nature of their
effect on the feelings is the same. It was long
before I could think of leaving her. Oh! I
tried to say farewell, but as the sound trem-
bled on my tongue, an entreating look from
Mary again drove away the half-formed words,
and so I sat still, while we talked of many
pleasant hours we had passed together, hours
which absence was now to render sacred. But
at last I had to depart—and, as the wretch on
the scaffold through very desperation flings
off the fatal handkerchief, so I, straining my
Mary to my beating heart, I kissed her with a
deep and last kiss, and then rushed to the
door. The interview was over; I saw her no
more. About an hour after I received a small
packet, it contained a lock of dark brown
hair, with these words—"Keep it for the sake
of Mary." Poor Mary! she had been weep-

seven hundred and eleven bushels, neat measure, of good seed corn.

On the 24th of October, the weather at Quebec was unusually cold for the season. It froze so hard that it fully an inch thick was formed. In the evening of that day it commenced snowing and fell to the depth of three inches. Sleighs were in use in the neighborhood of Quebec.

The members of a convention which lately met in Vermont voted not to have any other spirit in their houses, except a medicine.

The climate and conveniences of Pennsylvania, where the citizens of the United States will meet, are much extolled in the Mexican papers.

The Rev. James Marsh has accepted his appointment of President of the University of Vermont; his inauguration is to take place on the 28th inst.

The Hampshire Gazette says: "We are happy to state that the long continued controversy between Massachusetts and Connecticut, in relation to the boundary line between the two states, is settled."

On Monday last, a boy, aged twelve years, the son of Simon Frieze, constructor of the southern locks on the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, was killed by a cart loaded with stone passing over his body. He caught a few words sensibly after the accident, and lived about thirty minutes.

The fourteenth anniversary of the Vermont Bible Society, was held at Montpelier on the 18th ultimo. An able and interesting report was read, which was followed by several addresses. The balance in the treasury, after deducting expenses, is \$1,315 dollars 36 cents, at the disposal of the directors.

A woman named Lydia Conflagry committed suicide in Baltimore on Saturday last, by taking arsenic.

The Paris Journal des Debats, of the 15th of September, contains a translation of the correspondence between the departed Adams and Jefferson, of the year 1822, with an eulogium upon its amiable tenor.

The amount of toll received by the collector, at Rochester, New York, during the month of October, was seventeen thousand seven hundred and eighty-two dollars.

Mrs. Colvin has extended the size of her Weekly Messenger to eight pages. This is a highly amusing miscellany for ladies.

A cartman in New York, on Monday evening, fell from his cart in a state of intoxication, and one of the wheels passed directly over his head, which almost instantly put a period to his life.

The last Blackwood's Magazine has a strange rumour in it, that Washington Irving is in a fair way of marrying Her Highness the Archduchess of Parma, the widow of Napoleon.

The legislature of Kentucky will meet on the 4th of December.

The legislature of Rhode Island has appointed a committee, consisting of Messrs. Dixon, Tillinghast and Knight, to revise the constitution of the state, and to report such alterations as they may think proper, at the next session.

A memorial, intended to be presented to the next congress, in favor of an appropriation for an expedition of discovery to the northern polar regions, is in circulation for signatures at Baltimore.

The Choctaw Academy, in Frankfort, Kentucky, was examined last month and gave great satisfaction to the visitors. This institution began about eleven months since. There are 33 Choctaw students, and the Creeks want to send 20 of their young men.

Proposals have been issued by the Wingham Lodge No. 72, of Ancient York Masons, for publishing by subscription, in the city of Baltimore, a periodical work to be entitled "The Record of Masonry, and Literary Gazette."

The Danish sloop of war Fortuna, Captain Holst, sailed from New-York on Sunday, for West Indies.

Mr. Stephen Walker, a respectable inhabitant of Albany, for a period to his existence, by hanging himself in the wood house in the rear of his dwelling.

On the 24th ult. William M'Makin, of Frederick county, Md. put a period to his existence by hanging himself with a silk handkerchief, suspended from one of the joists of his house.

Gen. Ashley's party, who left the City of St. Louis, Missouri, last Spring for the Rocky Mountains, on a trading voyage, has returned with a part of his men, and 125 packs of beaver, having performed the whole route in less than six months.

The sentence of death passed at Montreal, on Morrell Magoun, for forgery, and who was to have been executed on the 27th of October, was not carried into effect; he has obtained a respite for one month.

Petitions have been presented to the council of Boston, to establish a high school for the education of the children of people of color.

The Singapore Chronicle gives a statement of the trade carried on between the United States and China, which makes our exports amount to \$7,716,444 dollars, and our imports to \$8,902,045 dollars.

A young man, a book binder, who was held in general esteem, committed suicide in this city, on Tuesday a noon.

At a late superior court held at Keene, N. H. an unmarried lady named Mason, recovered \$800 of a person of the same name, for defamation, in circulating reports highly injurious to her character; which was proved by many witnesses to be pure and unsupported.

The island of Nantucket contains about 8000 inhabitants, 150 horses, 400 cows, 1000 hogs, and 4000 sheep.

Mr. Oliver Dross, a native of Switzerland, and for many years a resident of Zurich, was found dead in his bed last week, by cutting his throat with a razor.

Five horses, the property of Mr. Wm. C. Hull, of Lancaster city, Pa. have been poisoned by mixing arsenic with their feed? Three of them died immediately. It is to be hoped that the perpetrator of so wicked an act will not escape with impunity.

A genuine living *Andromeda* is now exhibiting at Pease's Museum, in New-York. It was recently brought to that city from Batavia; it is about thirteen feet in length, and from three to four inches in circumference.

At the last accounts from Mobile, that city continued free from malignant fever. The public offices were removing back to the city, whence they had been driven by the late disease.

A detachment of the royal staff corps, under the command of Major H. Du Verney, was to embark from England for Quebec, about the first of October.

containing mineral and fossil collections sent to most of the institutions of that kind in the United States.

A female slave in North Carolina has been killed, tried, found guilty of killing her master, and is sentenced to hang.

A prospectus was issued in Paris, for the establishment of a joint stock ice company, but met with a very cold reception.

A new musical instrument has been invented in England. By one operation, they say, it shows the difference of latitude and departure with more correctness and in less time than can be done by any instrument or table yet published.

An agent has arrived at Boston from Cape Mesurado, Africa, for the purpose of obtaining a vessel for the colony, to protect them from pirates who had committed several outrages since the attack on the American brig John of Portland, and scholar, Bona of Baltimore.

New Orleans papers of the 7th ult. state that disturbances of an insubordinate nature had taken place at three plantations on the coast about that city. Captain Harney, with a detachment of the United States troops, provisioned for three days, left New Orleans for the purpose of suppressing the insurrection and restoring order.

Silliman's Journal announces the discovery of a new species of *Siren*, by Capt. Le Conte, which he calls *Siren intermedia*. It has peculiar characters.

The Fire Department of Boston was inspected on Wednesday last week in the Common, by the Mayor and city council of Boston. This body consists of 1200 men, and 13 engines, besides the hose and hook and ladder companies.

There is a rumor put in circulation by the Richmond Enquirer, that the national revenue this year will fall short two or three millions of dollars.

Mr. Catlin, the artist, has taken a very vivid and accurate likeness of Macready in a *Joan of Arc*. It is to be lithographed. This gentleman's talents are of a high order. He is from the interior of Pennsylvania, and was until lately a citizen of Philadelphia.

The summits of the White Mountains, in New Hampshire, were covered with snow, on the morning of the 26th ultimo.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

Sir Walter Scott, it is said is shortly to be married to a lady of immense wealth, a maiden sister of Mr. Bruce, Printer to the King for Scotland.

Formerly, the relatives of a criminal were visited with his guilt, however innocent themselves. The Emperor Nicholas, of Russia, has entirely reversed the old policy. He has bestowed upon the fathers and brothers of some of the conspirators, so called, who were recently executed, considerable largesses, in order to solace their feelings, and place them beyond the suspicion of connivance or blame.

A great fire broke out at Constantinople on the 31st of August, just at the time appointed for restoring the standard of the prophet to the mosque. It extended from the garden gate to the mosque of the Sultan, Amurath II. and Hajazet, thence along the walls of the seraglio to the sea of Marmara, taking in its route many palaces of the great, containing immense riches, and markets.

The Sultan opened the seraglio gates, to allow the poor to save what they could. The troops were under arms. It is said the fire was kindled by the discontented Bozanghis. This fire is said to have been fomented as the precursor of a reaction of the late revolution.

Conservation still prevailed in a city, September 3d, and the Sultan was in a critical situation. Plots of fire were falling upon the seraglio, the gates of which were opened to all the fugitives who had favoured the reformation. Several thousand houses are supposed to have been destroyed. The people oppose the measures taken to extinguish the fire, and it breaks out in new places. They regard it as a punishment from Heaven, for the late destruction of the Janissaries. Many men are said to have perished. The grand vizier's palace has been burnt.

The troops at Alexandria, to embark for the Morro, amounted to 8 or 9000; but the Viceroy has informed the Porte that he has not the means to undertake another expedition; and such trifling stores are told by those who have returned from Greece, that 4000 have deserted.

There was a report that the Pacha of Widin had revolted, and invited all the Janissaries to join him.

The Persians are said to have invaded the frontiers of Russia, with a powerful army from Georgia, and Russian troops have marched from the Crimea. 35,000 men are already to cross the Pruth, and 100,000 more are on their way. The boundary line is still difficult, having neither river, mountain, forest nor city; and it is suspected by some that Russia makes pretence of an aggression, in order to advance her line from Constantinople to Araxe, and bring it up with that of Turkey, thus being able to invade Erzerum and Tripoli.

A National Assembly was to be held in the Morro on the 12th of September, at which it was hoped L. A. Colborne would be present. Colborne was collecting troops to attack Ibrahim at Tripoli, and Caution, who is said to have got a reinforcement, but it will be easy to crush him. A letter from the French Agent to the Greek Committee at Paris, dated at Napoli de Rom on July 21st, states, that twelve vessels from England and France, laden with munitions, &c. had arrived in safety.

A post, it is predicted, will depart from the Paria junks, the new Portuguese Constitution will not permit the absolute monarchy of Ferdinand the Seventh to survive for two years longer.

Mr. Canning has created more sensation, excited more curiosity, and exerted more influence in Paris, than any and a deal who has visited that city since the Allied Sovereigns, when they arrived as conquerors. Such is the ascendancy of civic talents and renown, even at courts, and in the midst of military heroes!

From the accounts received this morning, it would appear that war was almost inevitable between Russia and Persia.

The conferences at Ak rman have taken an unfavourable turn. The Russian Commissioners, wearied with the evasive answers of the Turkish Commissioners, had sent them a note in which all the demands made by Russia for some years past, are embodied, and if a satisfactory answer to the demands is not received by the 7th of October, it is believed that a Russian army will pass the Pruth, and will occupy in arms, Moldavia and Wallachia.

In 1821, the population of London, including the suburbs, was 1,274,000. Its increase in the ten years from 1811 to 1821, was 224,000 souls.

The body of a rich Israelite, who died at one of the most distinguished hotels in Cheltenham, England, was lately taken to London, neatly encased in lead, on the roof of one of the stage-coaches, at the contract price of five shillings per pound.

The "Oriental Spectator" published at Smyrna, in the Levant, and from which has proceeded so much unfriendly information respecting the conduct and affairs of the Greeks, was on the 15th of August last, suspended by order of the French consul general at Smyrna. The Paris Journal des Debats contains, to that fact, that the "Oriental Spectator" was a paper paid by the French Ministry.

MARRIAGES. From *Galignani's* (Paris), Messenger.—Mr. Blunt, known during a number of years for facilitating marriages, equally advantageously the two sexes, and with a view to the happiness and sound discretion and delicacy, was not

the confidence reposed in him, began to indicate that the art of seducing the young lady, aged 22, of a most agreeable countenance, had 300,000 francs. C. G. and 100,000 francs. D. G. and 100,000 francs. E. G. and 100,000 francs. F. G. and 100,000 francs. G. G. and 100,000 francs. H. G. and 100,000 francs. I. G. and 100,000 francs. J. G. and 100,000 francs. K. G. and 100,000 francs. L. G. and 100,000 francs. M. G. and 100,000 francs. N. G. and 100,000 francs. O. G. and 100,000 francs. P. G. and 100,000 francs. Q. G. and 100,000 francs. R. G. and 100,000 francs. S. G. and 100,000 francs. T. G. and 100,000 francs. U. G. and 100,000 francs. V. G. and 100,000 francs. W. G. and 100,000 francs. X. G. and 100,000 francs. Y. G. and 100,000 francs. Z. G. and 100,000 francs.

Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1826.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We welcome the return of our late advent friend and favorite correspondent "ELLEN." We are gratified in again having an opportunity of presenting our readers with the contributions of her Muse. The lines on "CANTON," are inserted to-day—we have an interesting poem from this lady entitled the "Orphan Boy's Dream."

"The Turkish Lover" from "SALIM," came too late to be noticed last week—we feel indebted for his attentions.

Among our correspondents, this week, we are pleased to name, "Leila," "S. M. L.," "Peter Single," "Th.," "Praemonitor," "Sylvan," and last, though not least in our estimation, "Francis."

"Eusebius de Nozelli" has not yet received a personal—we are disposed to favour the writer, but numerous other articles claim a precedence. We shall be obliged to defer the publication of "Natal Home," for a time.

"Cyprian" gave himself unnecessary trouble to show that his correspondence remains unpublished. Had he not been quite so perspicacious, our disposition (always leaning to the side of mercy) would have led us, ere now, to make the *amende honorable*, for the inference he has met with from us in his literary career.

"Pari or the Paris," is the title of a tale received, which is a story as the precursor to a series, written after the manner of the Arabian Nights. The writer may not be aware that, for that promise to comply with his request would be attended with much inconvenience and risk. By a hasty glance over the manuscript it is perceived that several incongruities have crept into the first No. which renders it advisable that we should be furnished with a fairer specimen of the abilities of the author for this style of writing, before deciding upon his claims.

Messrs. Carey & Lea have published a *Souvenir* for 1827. We have had the pleasure of examining the work, and believe it to be one of the most finished specimens of the art of engraving, and printing that has ever been issued from the American press—indeed it may be considered a brilliant and flattering specimen of the arts at the present time.

The literary part of the work is entirely original, composed of Essays, interesting tales, poetry, sketches, &c. from the pens of the most esteemed authors of the time, illustrated by engraving of portraits, and views of scenery, fancy sketches, by the most eminent artists, all of whom, writers and engravers, have been paid for their labours with a liberality that speaks on the part of the publishers a determination to have their work worthy the best patronage of the country.

The style of embellishments on the work beyond those mentioned, is worthy its general appearance and excellent design; and more appropriate or acceptable offering could be made on a time of "giving gifts," such a Christmas and New Year, than the "Atlantic Souvenir."

A good song is certainly a good thing, especially if well sung. Mr. Grigg, in North Fourth street, has therefore been necessary to a good act in causing to be published, a very neat volume of popular songs, by the most approved writers, comic, sentimental, and amatory. The size of the volume and its price, together with the neat style in which the work is got up, commends it to general notice, and with the appropriate character of its contents, will, we think, insure a general demand.

EMIGRATION.

We hear repeatedly of the course of migration from the Eastern and the middle to the Western States. This current we have thought might be diverted with great profit to the emigrants and consequently with advantage to the country and we are the more happy to learn that a considerable portion of those who are changing their residence, are locating themselves upon the, at present, unoccupied lands in the Western part of Pennsylvania; a paper, now before us, mentions the passage of six wagons in one day, containing the families and light furniture of persons who were progressing towards our Western countries for settlement. In consequence of the great number of persons who have pressed on to the states west of the Ohio, lands have become higher than they may be purchased for in this state, and the advantages of soil and a market are much less. No state in the Union can compare with Pennsylvania in abundance of streams and in natural advantages of soil, and excepting in the Eastern counties, for a few months in the year, when bilious complaints are prevalent in low situations, Pennsylvania may vie with any state in general health; but our Western counties are watered with permanent streams that lead if not directly, to good markets, at least to continued and well used avenues, which will always insure a sale to exuberant produce, and afford a cheap supply of superfluities or conveniences for the family. The new source of profit by sales of produce opened to our part of the state by the contiguity of the New-York Canals, and the advantages proposed to others in the location of the grand Canal of Pennsylvania and the Chesapeake and Delaware Canals, will soon enhance the price of new lands, and materially augment the value of those that are partially or wholly tilled—the effect of new means of conveying produce cannot be appreciated by those who have but seen it, and the mind starts with incredulity from the report of increase in population, and immense rise in the value of lands along the banks of the canals in New-York; yet observation confirms these reports, and every week gives new proof that the tide of increase has not reached its height. If it should be retarded by those who anticipate migration, that the value of increase in population is not confined to the immediate place of location. Those who compose a dense population are

of necessity dependent upon others for many of the comforts and conveniences of life, vegetables, and generally all the common produce of the soil and the tanning fruits of the farm—and half a dozen villages rising like those along the banks of the Canal in New-York State from zero to some eight and nine thousand inhabitants, in ten or twelve years would call to a profitable market the surplus produce of a large number of farms. But the advantages which emigrants propose to themselves in changing their places of residence, are not confined to their own persons, they are fathers, and that kind provident feeling that animates a parent for the good of his offspring induces them to judge of the advantage of their location to their children rather than to themselves. In that respect Pennsylvania has many decided advantages over her more Western neighbours. It is certain, that the vast wealth of the state will operate favourably upon the yet unsettled lands—the money that is now idle will soon be employed in giving to use the natural product of the soil, for which there is at this moment a demand far above the possibility of present employment means of supplying. The employment of this capital will give labour and its rewards to a large number of persons, and every day's research will enhance the value of lands. The laws and customs of Pennsylvania are most friendly to its inhabitants; in no state in the Union more than in this, are the avenues to wealth and honor more open to the industrious and the deserving, and more especially in the interior, are the prospects of regular gain fairer to the artisan, the agriculturalist, or the professional man—and we are always happy to hear of the accession of new inhabitants to our Western counties, in the belief, that while the state is benefitted by an increase of industrious citizens, they are placing themselves in a way to enjoy a large profit upon their labours and investment, and must feel satisfied that they are making valuable provisions for their children.

JACOB BARKER.

[The annexed portrait of one of the most celebrated Brokers in existence, is from the glowing pencil of the editor of the New-York Enquirer.]

"The general division of the world is now and then broken up, and a new order of things is established. Familiar by experience with low, and the modesty of Jacob Barker. (As Jacob has paid us back our \$750, we can afford to speak of him more freely.) He is his own counsel, and he respects the old proverb that he who pleads his own cause has a fool for his client. Jacob is no fool, and the court and counsel have found it out. The public discovered it many a long year since. He puzzles the lawyers, perplexes the lawless, tickles the audience, disturbs the gravity of the bench, and attracts him. Familiar by experience with low, and the modesty of Jacob Barker. (As Jacob has paid us back our \$750, we can afford to speak of him more freely.) He is his own counsel, and he respects the old proverb that he who pleads his own cause has a fool for his client. Jacob is no fool, and the court and counsel have found it out. The public discovered it many a long year since. 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